UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

A FRIEND sent us the "notes" used by Mr. Crothers at the Hillside school last summer, as the basis of his talks on the religions of the older world. Thinking those schools following the Six Years Course may well profit by their reading, we print them in this issue.

THE telegraph announces the death of Rev. E. C. L. Browne, at Pomona, Cal., too late for us to speak the word of appreciation and love which we, in common with hosts of UNITY's readers, feel. A ripe life, gentle as it was strong, awaits the more extended word which we hope to give in our next. Meanwhile, our sympathies go out to the bereaved wife and near kin.

WE much regret that the communication from our esteemed correspondent, H. Tambs Lyche, should have been overlooked and appear so late in print. The note to which Mr. Lyche refers appeared in our issue of Dec. 31, in which mention was made of the work of Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, son of the poet, in Norwegian affairs, and the opposition he was meeting with on the part of the Swedish government. Mr. Lyche speaks on all these subjects with an experience and understanding we do not pretend to have, and our readers will be glad to hear what he has to say on a matter that lies so near his heart.

ALL those who are using the lessons on the "Older Religions" should know that Mr. Gannett is preparing a series of "review questions," which those who understand his accurate and painstaking work, will find indispensable. Already *four* have been issued, the last being on "The Religion of Hindu Land." Write to Rochester for samples and terms. These "reviews" will profitably bridge over any delay in the publication of the closing lessons.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Boston in aid of the work of Gen. Armstrong and the Hampton Institute. The petition for special assistance at this time is signed with such names as Samuel Eliot, Elbridge Torrey, Edwin D. Mead, Mary Hemenway, Alice Freeman Palmer and others of equal respect and honor. The recent illness of Gen. Armstrong caused no little anxiety to the friends of the Institute, as well as affectionate concern for himself; but which his recovery has happily allayed.

A CORRESPONDENT calls the preacher in a recent number of UNITY to task for saying, "No book of international fame seems to have been created the last year." He says: "'Hedda Gabler' has been played already with success in the capitals of six countries including those first in culture and civilization, and the book has created a whole literature of discussion and criticism in as many languages. It was played in Paris before all that Paris has, that is first and highest in literature and thought."

Now that Chili has "apologized," does the United States feel much nobler? And does Chili feel any kindlier? Do the "Stars and Stripes" wave with more glory, and appeal to the nobleness in the heart of man with more power? Is there any such thing as *magnanimity* for nations? What an object-lesson in the way of introducing the principle of arbitration which it affects, has the strong government of the United States lost. Shame for the nation which helps to perpetuate the dueling code. "The honor" that our nation has saved does not seem very "honorable" now that it is ours. There was a so much more honorable way of doing it!

THE announcement that Mr. Howells is to assume the editorial management of the *Cosmopolitan* was a surprise to most of his readers, who took it for granted that at this period of ripened years and fame, he would choose the easier and more independent position of writer, to the exacting and in a sense, thankless office of editor. We are told that Mr. Howells does not assume his new duties in any nominal sense, but will give the same near personal attention to his work on the *Cosmopolitan* that marked his management of the *Atlantic*. The *Cosmopolitan* is one of our youngest magazines and is naturally full of high hopes over this new connection.

AN interesting convention of Roman Catholics was recently held in New York, the object of which was to devise means to secure larger missionary results in the conversion of modern Protestantism to the Mother Church. The conversion (we will not call it perversion) of such an illustrious pair as George Lathrop and his wife, and the addition of other names as distinguished as these, gives encouragement to this movement. The name of the new organization is the "Apostolate of the Press," which indicates the principal means by which the movement is to be propagated. Father Elliott, a member of a brotherhood known as the Paulist Fathers, is at the head of the enterprise, and several eminent names were found on the list of speakers. Probably the church will never have a better opportunity of making a certain kind of notable conversions than in the present age of religious unrest and change. The doubts and skepticism that lead one class of minds to a higher and purer form of faith, and produce rank unbelief in another, will inevitably entice a third class backwards, imbue a false sense of worth in the past, stifling questions that reason can not or dares not meet, and covering fancy with a veil of religious romanticism. But the main trend of thought will be in a different direction, and man will learn that no form of reaction brings life, that happiness, as well as intellectual integrity and self-respect, lie along the lines of the world's general progress.

A RECENT exhibition of much interest to the world of art in our city—and that world is growing larger every year—was that of Walter Crane, most popularly known, perhaps, for his decorative and illustrative work, yet ranking high as an artist in wider fields. Mr. Crane's pictures are essentially of the romantic school, yet they show a vigor and truthfulness that are a part of the modern art student's training. In his illustrative work, fancy is uppermost, though there are strokes of deep and pure imagination even here. The larger works like "The Bridge of Life," "The Sphinx's Riddle," and several figure pieces, were interesting, even to those who were not much affected by them; they were easily seen to be high specimens of their kind. For us, we confess to a preference for something more distinctly typical of the age in which we live, though having said this we are constrained to take it back, remembering that Mr. Crane is an earnest student of social problems as well as artist. His Sphinx is supposed to set forth some of his ideas on the labor question. His art is manifestly of the pictorial order, but it contains much that is true and inspiring, as well as vivid and effective. The exhibition has been a very interesting and profitable one.

IT will be heard with regret by many friends outside Chicago, as well as by those more closely associated with him, that Mr. Salter gave his last lecture before his society Sunday, the 24th. We made announcement last summer of Mr. Salter's contemplated removal to Philadelphia, in the hope that the milder climate of that city might prove beneficial to his health; and we need not repeat our former expressions of goodwill, our hearty admiration for Mr. Salter's work and personal character, which have left a deep impression on the heart and life of this great city. Mr. Salter's influence on the community has from the beginning extendep beyond the limits of his special work in the society under his charge, and he has been counted a valuable guide and co-worker in every movement that tends to the purification and elevations of our social life. The poor man has also known him as a friend, and even the erring and guilty. At the time of that sad episode in our city's history, the anarchists' trial, Mr. Salter took the lead, if we mistake not, in publicly protesting against the execution of the condemned, and worked vigorously to procure the commutation of the sentence which the governor at last granted to two. Both Mr. and Mrs. Salter leave a warm and fragrant memory behind them, and take to their new home the good wishes of all who know them.

A Missionary Scout.

The "speech-making" editor has been again on wheels. 'Mid a blinding snow storm which had been filling the air thick and fast all day, he left the Northwestern depot Monday, the 18th, at 6 P. M., with the grim expectation that the audience that was looking for him on the following evening at Rock Rapids, Iowa, over four hundred miles away, would be disappointed; for the memories of past snow drifts in Iowa loomed up before him, grim and near possibilities. Being a veteran in such matters, he did not borrow trouble, and went easily to sleep in the arms of kindly nature. He woke up next morning somewhere on the prairies of Iowa, to realize that the snow had given way to King Frost, who was on a terrible raid. The train was lashed by winds that had driven the mercury down out of sight into the bulb. The reports were of thirty-five to forty degrees below zero. Train two hours behind time! Connections missed at Alton of course! But a providentially belated freight train was on the track. The editor was very respectful to the storm and hid himself behind the slim shelter of the hack flaps, to make the two blocks necessary to find the caboose (down the track,) a stroke of prudence which his friends do not always give him the credit of possessing. This foresight proved particularly apt when a local weather expert, a young county surveyor in one of the northern counties, who had been rejoicing in his weather triumphs all morning, appeared at the caboose with both ears frozen white. The next four hours on the freight train was one of gloomy discussion of the possibilities of making Sibley in time to catch the western bound freight, and would still save the day at Rock Rapids, with belated and storm-driven natives by the way. At last we all fell victims to a broken engine, thirty miles away from the place of speaking, and darkness closing in. The last chance fled, the editor escaped from the caboose, sought a telegraph office and broke across the wires the news to Brother Puckett that the speaker was weather-bound thirty miles away; and this faithful father of our cause, who, all the cold day, had been "working up an audience," had to fly around in the early hours of the evening to "work it down again."

Next morning the weather seemed

genial, although it was still eight or ten degrees below zero. The train from the East, two hours late, landed the speaker at Rock Rapids an hour after the connection for Luverne had passed, and so a livery team across sixteen miles of prairie was the only resort. With a hospitality that was inspiring, one man found for us a fur overcoat; another took the capacious overshoes from his own feet to envelop the missionary's feet, overshoes, boots and all; a pair of mittens were found elsewhere, and so he started out across the prairie, with a boy driver who was *very* sure of his road. The injunction of the stable-keeper was, "follow the main traveled road and you can't miss it." They did, and found themselves at last in a cornfield, crossing a rough piece of plowed ground and bringing up at a strawstack. Then they trusted the general direction. Luverne was to be seen four miles away; why not take cross cut through the fields for half a mile and come out at the right road? Meanwhile they studied the tracks of jack-rabbits. It was hard to suppress the hunting instinct of the driver; he wanted to leave his team and scare the jack-rabbits out of their snowy shelter. When the half-mile track was broken through the snow, the inhospitable and unforeseen wire fence was encountered; this necessitated the "round about" which ought to have been accepted at the strawstack. Notwithstanding this delay, three hours' ride brought the editor to the hospitable home of the Mahoneys, a name that ought to be familiar by this time to all the ministers who have ever touched the Unitarian missionary work of the Northwest. That afternoon the speaker was the guest of the band who belonged to the "Look Up Legion of Luverne," a brave little company of boys and girls who have undertaken to give for their town a course of lectures this winter, all for culture not for money raising. The goodly company that came out in the evening to listen to the "Cost of a Fool" showed how well they work.

Next morning a telegram summoned the traveler to the depot to join Mrs. Wilkes, pastor-at-large of all the prairies not otherwise provided for in Western Minnesota and South Dakota. A ride of sixteen miles farther north brought us to Adrian, where, in the afternoon, there was a sermon on "The Religion of Character." Although it was midweek and a good day for business, the streets filled with teams from the country; the banker turned his key in his bank door, the saloon-keeper left his bar to help make an audience of upwards of sixty people, fully one-half of them men, with a willing chorus of ten or twelve youthful voices to furnish spirited singing. Many have been doing some hard thinking along theological lines and some *one* has been doing good preaching for that religion that is founded, not on dogmatism, but on character, in order to yield such a week-day service as that. The train from St. Paul was, of course, an hour or more late; this necessitated an improvised supper in the waiting room of the station house, and then a flight of fifty miles to Sioux Falls, in time to reach All Souls Church for the lecture on "George Eliot and Her Writings."

Next morning in the cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes, a faithful few came to listen to a word on "Robert Browning and his Poetry." An hour's conference with the young brother, Mr. Grant, who is taking up the missionary work there with the glow and bloom of Cornell University still upon him, and then to the train which carried the speaker to Sioux City in time to give, on Friday evening, not the lecture on "Millet," which was advertised, because the arrangement for a stereopticon had fallen through, and Millet without his pictures would be Hamlet without Hamlet, but without the consent of the large audience that had gathered, the lecture on the "Doll's House" was substituted.

The people of this city have large faith in their double hearted and double headed pastor, Miss Safford and Miss Gordon, but the goodly number of men present strongly suspected that it was a "put up job" to get them there in order to expose them to the rather severe criticism which was visited upon Helmer Thorvald and his sex. However, the women put them on their mettle by saying, "If we can stand it, you ought to! Let us both face the music as becomes stalwart spirits!"

Saturday afternoon the parlor of Unity Church was well filled with another company who wanted to know "what" and "how" concerning the writings of Robert Browning. In the evening the traveling editor had a chance to visit an Unity Club without leading it. A rare pleasure, particularly when it was a club that, through successive years, has been trained to close thinking and free discussion.

Sunday there were two sermons and two large audiences; in the morning on the "Unpardonable Sin," the evening on the "Ultimate Christ." If there is a better equipped, more compact, industrious, united and altogether conscientious movement among the Unitarians of the West than that at Sioux City, Iowa, we know not where to look for it. It is a little late in the day for UNITY to *justify* women ministers. They have already justified themselves; but if there should be a random reader who still has some doubt about it, we beg such to study the experience of Sioux City.

Monday it was Omaha. We found Mr. Mann happy in that nest of a new church, a happy and significant hint of that growing home-church that combines simplicity, economy, coziness, with great satisfaction to the artistic sense. In the evening, the little auditorium was well filled with those who came to hear the "Browning" story. Perhaps they were drawn there to hear what might be said "on the other side," of some rather searching criticism upon the writings of Robert Browning which had appeared in the local press. Tuesday it was Lincoln, Nebraska. In the afternoon, a hundred ladies in a private parlor listened to the biographical introduction to the writings of Henrik Ibsen. In the evening, the chapel of the State University was crowded from bottom to top, and Chancellor Canfield presented the speaker who again estimated the "Cost of a Fool."

Wednesday afternoon it was the "Doll's House" to the same group of ladies in the parlors of Mrs. Weeks. The "Cost of an Idea" was given in the evening to an audience that filled the Conservatory of Music, where the Unitarians gather for worship and for culture.

Thursday afternoon it was "Browning" again.

On the afternoon of Friday, January 29, the itinerant was home again, having accomplished a journey of thirteen hundred and ninety miles, addressed fourteen audiences, and disappointment one, in ten days.

No, not much weary either! How can one grow weary of lending a hand to such interested and interesting workers as is found at the places named? There is something assuring in the successes mentioned, but something still more inspiring in the struggles involved at some of these points. No more critical point is held to-day than that occupied by Mr. Skinner and his associates at the capital city and university town of Nebraska.

But we must bring this itinerary to a close. We will speak of the needs and prospects of Lincoln hereafter. "It is good to go on pilgrimages," said St. Agatha in George Eliot's poem, "the world stretches out and seems larger after every such a visit." We suggest to the ministers of our fellowship, if at any time life seems to close in upon them, the world to grow narrow, duty hard and the cause a failing one, to go on a missionary scout and be re-assured thereby.

Cambridge Letter.

Some one has said that the sweetest songs are those that have never been sung. That question may be left to the poets, but it often seems that the most interesting letters are those that have never been written. In one's own commonplace experience, what can equal the interest of that to-be-written letter, which floats dimly in one's fancy, half hidden by a score of more pressing to-be-dones, but now and again almost shaping itself, as a scrap of news, some pleasant experience or a fascinating problem suggests material for it? But some one else tells the story better, the news grows old, and fate, serenely indifferent, solves the problem without waiting for our advice, and that letter, that good letter, that best letter, is never written. When the real one scrambles from the point of the pen, ah, the difference! This thought comes, as I count up the months since I have written to UNITY, and recall the many letters I have written mentally in that time. Then I spoke of the poet, lying ill at Elmwood, and the wires sent news of his death almost before the words were printed. How long it seems since that summer day, when the children stood with bared heads to see the few carriages pass by! Now another poet has gone, one less widely known and less important in his influence, but dearly loved and tenderly remembered. Doctor Hedge once spoke of Christopher P. Cranch as "one high,—none higher,—among our American poets." Artist he was too and musician as well. Some of us will remember him first by that little poem:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."

Others will recall the sonnet which he read at the Browning Memorial meeting, where he followed Professor Everett's noble address worthily. His appearance that day made a deep impression, and it was the *Transcript* "Listener," who spoke of his "refined and most artist-like face, crowned and fringed with hair and beard as white as the callas, that did honor to Robert Browning's memory in the little flower-clad funeral pulpit at King's Chapel." For myself, the first thought after recalling that figure, familiar in our Cambridge streets, is of the book which children of another generation thought so delightful, "The Last of the Huggermuggers." It was the only giant or fairy story, that I could almost persuade myself into believing. Did n't it tell us that we could see the giant's bones in Barnum's New York museum? and the museum was a fact beyond dispute! Mr. Cranch was to have read a paper at the November meeting of the Browning Society, entitled, "Art Reminiscences of Browning." He knew the Brownings in Florence.

The Browning Society is having a pleasant season, and for this thanks are largely due to the wisdom which appointed a programme committee and planned for the entire course in advance. It is true that *la grippe* has interfered with our arrangements more than once, as is the case again this month, when Rev. Charles G. Ames, who was to have given us a paper on "The Christ of Browning's Poetry," is seeking complete restoration in a milder climate. Mr. George Willis Cooke and Professor Dorchester constitute the programme committee, and they have effectually prevented the repetitions, which occurred last winter. Our last meeting was noteworthy by the first rendition before an audience of two new Browning songs by Arthur W. Thayer. The letter, which never was written, would have told you how beautiful the music to "One Way of Love" is, but this one can not.

I wonder if you know that here in Cambridge we have the opportunity of listening once a year to a Harvard lecture, established for "the detecting and conviction and exposing the idolatry of the Romish church, their tyranny, usurpation, damnable baseness, fatal errors, abominable superstitions and other crying wickedness in their high places." Does n't that have a realistic, mediæval flavor, that almost atones for the perplexities it presents to the faculty? Efforts have been made at various times to have this ancient custom, started by the will of Chief Justice Dudley, suppressed, but they have been thus far without success. The president and faculty have petitioned the corporation to surrender the entire Dudleian trust, rather than to have this continue, but this the corporation have again just refused to do. They take the ground that in view of the change of religious spirit since the days of Dudley, this subject may with propriety be treated historically, and the opportunity improved "to soothe and allay the animosities and bitterness of the past and to deal with these questions in a broad, scholarly and magnanimous spirit." The faculty have again and again given up the attempt, protesting however that they can not think the method proposed by the corporation is one which really carries out the intention of the founder. Considering the language used, this seems highly probable. It is quite in the order of things as the matter stands at present, that a Catholic should be allowed this opportunity to present his opinion of the Protestant churchs.

Brooke Herford sails from New York to-day after a series of delightful farewell dinners and receptions. Last Sunday he preached his good-bye sermon to a crowded audience. Among other things he spoke thoughtfully of his life in the West and counted great lessons that he had learned from it, and lasting inspirations that he had drawn from it. His many friends in Boston will refuse to give him up entirely and hope for occasional visits and frequent news from him.

E. E. M.

Men and Things.

ANOTHER work is about to be issued of the character of Ignatius Donnelly's, demolishing the claims of one Shakespeare as the author of Lear and Hamlet. It is by Mr. Thomas W. White, who writes under the caption, "Our English Homes," claiming that the plays of Shakespeare are the work of a group of hired scholars and writers.

THE late Dom Pedro, of Brazil, visited Alessandro Manzoni, the Italian poet, in 1872. After a half hour's conversation His Majesty bade the author farewell and replied to Manzoni's thanks with the words: "It is I who am honored. Future centuries will still recall Alessandro Manzoni, but the memory of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, will be forgotten in a few years."

THE *Labour Prophet* is the organ of the Labour Church, of which mention has before been made in our columns. It is published monthly by John Heywood, Manchester and London. The first number contains several interesting articles, written in a spirit at once temperate and radical. Rev. John Trevor, who stands at the head of this movement is doing a work that must command the sympathy and admiration of all thoughtful minds. Among the contributors to this number is Philip Wicksted, who writes in denial of the charge that the Labour Church is a class church.

Contributed and Selected.

Fifty Years.

READ AT AN ANNIVERSARY MEETING AT THE THIRD CHURCH, CHICAGO, HELD IN HONOR OF THE PASTOR, REV. J. V. BLAKE.

In ancient writ the Lord is said
To look at time in such a way
One day is as a thousand years,
A thousand years is but one day.

This thought to mortal senses must
Incomprehensible appear.
God's ways are not as ours; or else
Some metaphysic dream is here.

But as we climb life's rugged steep
And high and high the years are piled,
That lofty view we seem to see,
Dimly and far, as might a child.

The years are steps: The fiftieth
Is like the one that twenty placed,
Save that along its wider view
The lights and shades are plainly traced.

One large, grand opportunity
Is all of life—grasp here, grasp there,
Some good to do, some height to reach,—
Some happiness the heart can spare.

So live one day and thus thou hast
Of life a small epitome;
When life has passed thus happily
'Twill seem but as one day to thee.

Rise, friend! and count thy fifty years
Proudly, as one who gains a crown,
Where every added year shall be
A jewel of far-wrought renown.

MRS. M. G. WOOD.

The Religion of the Parsees.

Persian Scriptures and Principles.

Zoroaster (or Zarathusthra) was the founder of the religion of the old Persian Empire. This religion is professed to-day by a small but intelligent body of people called Parsees. As to Zoroaster himself but little is known. Even the date of his life is uncertain. We only know that he was venerated as the founder of a religion which was old when the clear records of history begin.

The Bible of the Parsees is called the Avesta. It contains but a fragment of the ancient sacred literature of Persia. Like our own Bible, it is the work of many minds and of many generations. It is largely ritualistic, reminding one of the Book of Leviticus. The religion of Zoroaster grew out of the still older *Vedic* religion. The Avesta retains traces of a great conflict with the more ancient faith. In the Vedas, the devils were divinities to be adored; in the Avesta, they are devils to be shunned. Compare this with similar developments in Jewish and Christian history. Beelzebub was a god of the Phœnicians; he became a devil to the Jews. Read Milton's "Nativity" hymn, and notice also the names of the fallen angels in "Paradise Lost." Notice, also, the use of the word anti-Christ, by the Protestants of the sixteenth century.

The first great characteristic of the Parsee religion is that it is, a *moral* religion; that is, it lays great emphasis on conduct. The Avesta tells what one must *do* to be saved. The way to heaven is by "right thoughts, right words, and right deeds." Along with the moral teaching, however, which is true for all time, there is a great mass of *ritual* which seems to us foolish and oppressive.

What is the distinction between *ritual* observances and *real duties?* What is the meaning of the phrase "*essentials* in religion?" What did Jesus say about this? What happens when the ritualistic and the moral elements in a religion are given the same value? What is the tendency of a priesthood in interpreting a religion? Why are reformations of religion needed? Zoroaster's place in religious history is that of a great reformer of religion.

RITUAL AND OUTCOME.

The Parsees have frequently been called "fire worshipers," because fire is their symbol of God. The sacredness of fire has, however, been recognized in other forms of religion. Compare the early worship of the god Agni (from which our word igneous); the Greek myth of Prometheus; the Hebrew story of Abraham in Gen. xv.; and the Christian account of the transfiguration and of the day of Pentecost. What is meant when in the Old Testament it is said that God is "a consuming fire," and in the New Testament that "God is light"? So great is their reverence for fire, that the Parsees will not extinguish it unnecessarily, and they welcome the evening blaze with a prayer of thanksgiving.

Many of their religious customs are very beautiful. In midwinter they have a festival of six days, in commemoration of the six periods of creation, and in March they have a festival in honor of agriculture. The Parsee Scriptures require ten days of the year to be specially set aside for needs of charity and devotion. Benevolence is made the first principle of their religion, and it is said that no people practice it more generally.

The religion of Zoroaster received its death-blow in Persia from the Mohammedan invasion, in the seventh century. About eighty thousand adherents of the faith now remain in India. The tendency has been to emphasize the humane and rational elements of the old faith and to transform it into pure theism.

The sacred books are used in the liturgical services; but the language in which they were written is known to but few. The Parsee religion can not be considered as a great force in the world to-day. Its adherents are satisfied simply to hold their own. But there are elements in the old faith which have become a part of universal religion. The necessity of righteousness and of manly choice between the evil and the good have never been taught more clearly.

DUALISM.

The second characteristic of the Zoroastrian religion is its *dualism*; by this is meant that instead of tracing all things back to the will of one all-wise and all-powerful God, two powers are conceived of as fighting against each other. Many scholars think that behind this dualism there was belief in the divine Unity, but practically the conflict of powers formed the basis of the religious ideas of the Persians. It was believed that the good God created all good things; Ahriman, his enemy, created all bad things. One made the dog to be the friend of man; the other made the wolf. The kindly stars were created by one; the comets which terrify men were created by the other. The familiar ideas about the devil and the last judgment were first clearly stated in the Avesta.

We can see how all this grew out of the moral character of this religion. People who cared little for the distinction between good and evil could easily worship everything in nature. But the moral man saw that many things were cruel and in league with with what was evil. He could not believe that these things were of God; they must be the work of the devil.

Is not this an easy explanation of the sorrowful side of life? Does it not seem to explain the conflict in ourselves between the good and the evil? But are easy answers to great questions always true ones? What difficulties does the doctrine of a devil seem to explain? Does it not make it easier to believe that God is the all-good if we can lay the blame of all the bad things on the devil? But what of the faith that God is the Almighty? Read Robinson Crusoe's talk with his man Friday, and his attempt to answer Friday's question, "Why does not God kill the devil?" Can we divide all things into absolutely good and absolutely bad? Are all things which under certain circumstances bring us harm, evil in their nature? What would you say to one who said that God made all useful plants and the devil made the weeds? Has not progress consisted in utilizing forces and things which the primitive men most feared. But when we cease to believe in a personal devil does life cease to be a struggle? Against what do we contend?

The historical connection between the ancient Persian religion and Judaism and Christianity is interesting. The conquest of Babylon by Cyrus the Great was hailed by the Jews as a national deliverance. Read Isaiah 44th and 45th chapters. The Jews found more in the Persian thought akin to their own faith than in other nations, and they adopted many ideas from their conquerors. In the third century of our era, Christianity came in contact with Manicheism, a religious system which sprang up in Persia and which had some of the most characteristic doctrines of the old Zoroastrian religion. Augustine, the greatest of the church Fathers, was for a number of years a Manichean, and the influence of this type of thought was very great, not only among heretical sects but in the Catholic church itself.

S. M. CROTHERS.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—A Norwegian in this country has to spend part of his time correcting misunderstandings of his own country's political position in the world. Some great daily papers condescend occasionally to discourse wisely (and in the infallibility-style) about our affairs, and when they so do they usually reveal such utter ignorance of what they discourse about, and do it in a manner so offensive to Norwegian feeling, that we have to "protest."

And now UNITY too has sinned!

The Swedish government may, indeed, be opposed to the Norwegian reform referred to; but it can not oppose it except by war, if the Norwegian majority approves of it. The country of Henrik Ibsen is in other words an absolutely *independent* country, and has been so—the first paragraph of its constitution, sworn to by every king proclaiming it—for seventy-five years.

It seems, however, very hard for foreigners to understand that.* Because the King of Norway is also King of Sweden, and the latter country is the larger of the two in size and population,—it seems to them to follow, as a matter of necessity, that Sweden somehow, must be politically superior to Norway in the union, and the Swedish government a factor in Norwegian affairs. Yet it is *not* so.

Nor is there any Union-government as in the United States. The Norwegian government and the Swedish government are entirely distinct, absolutely equal in importance and independence, and have nothing in common but the same king, presiding at different times in each of them. Each country has its own peculiar constitution and laws, flag and army; no Swede can hold office in Norway, and no Norwegian in Sweden, and both are entirely independent and sovereign countries, having never delegated any part of this sovereignty either to one another or to a Union-government.

The main part of the note in UNITY is perfectly correct. Dr. Sigurd Ibsen takes a very prominent part in our political life, and makes a figure therein one falls in love with, even at this distance. The elections UNITY refers to as coming, are long over, and the party which UNITY styles the "Radical," (it is called at home the Liberal,) has won an overwhelming victory. The present government is Radical. The election gives it three more years of life. And it may interest some readers of UNITY to know that one of the prominent members of that government is an enthusiastic advocate of woman suffrage.

Yours truly,

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

*Even American school text-books give and perpetuate the mistake. And school books are the infallible authorities of half the people.

CARDINAL MANNING has passed away in that harvest of the aged which the Great Reaper has been gathering in. There can not be two opinions as to his greatness as a moral force. He espoused midway in his long life that form of Church discipline and doctrine to which he had been long gravitating, and his temperament appears to have been better fitted to the part of an ecclesiastical ruler than the other most conspicuous convert who passed from Tractarianism to Romanism. The general public, however, will remember him less for his theological and church work than for his active participation in social movements. His zeal in the cause of temperance was well known, and it would be an immense gain to the sweeter and purer life of England if all great ecclesiastics were equally outspoken on this subject. The part played by him in connection with the great dock strike was worthy of a true pastor, and those who are leagues apart from the late cardinal on theoretical points will join in honoring his memory as a practical Christian. —*The Inquirer.*

"THE church seems to be packed," said one man on the outside as he paused to look in at the door. "Are they taking a lot of new converts into membership?" "Converts nuthin'!" whispered the sexton. "We don't have any converts at this church. We're tryin' a man for heresy."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Paying One's Debts.

SERMON DELIVERED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, WOBURN, MASS., BY H. C. PARKER.

"And the man of God said: Go, sell thy oil and pay thy debts."—2 *Kings iv: 7.*

A preacher had tried in his sermon to set forth the value, beauty and power of the religious sentiments, such as faith, hope, reverence, gratitude; and exhorted his hearers to a freer communion with the deep things of God, and a completer realization in character and conduct of the spiritual principles of life. When he came down from his throne where he had discoursed of these high things, he was confronted by a shaggy-browed individual whose outward shagginess and spareness were indicative of the thinness of the mind within, who said: "Well, now, I don't take any stock in this that you've been talking about. A moral man is good enough for me. If a man pays his honest debts that is all I ask of him." The preacher tried to reason with him a bit. "Here," he said, "are two men, equally honest, equally sincere; each pays his honest debts, each obeys the laws of the land, but one has a certain fineness of spirit, elevation of character, a certain delicacy of soul, so that if you are ill, or in trouble, you feel when he comes to you that he is one who can be touched with a feeling of your infirmities; he opens your heart on the sympathetic side and you somehow feel better, feel stronger, feel refreshed and encouraged by his presence. Do you not perceive that there is something in this man above what you call morality?" "No," was the reply, "I never met any such man. Morality is good enough for me. If a man pays his honest debts that is all I ask of him." This last sentence of his, I take for our subject this morning.

It is certainly a very creditable thing for one to pay his honest debts. The business world has very little respect for the man who is remiss in this regard, no matter how many excellencies he may boast in other directions. I have heard of the case of a minister having to resign his pastorate because of slackness about his store-bills. He was probably a believer in Mr. Moody's doctrine that morality does not touch the question of salvation. The idea that debt-paying is a part of a man's religious duty is a comparatively modern one in the Christian world. It had no place in the creed of the mediæval time, scarcely a recognized place in the creed of any church a hundred years ago. The time is not far back when religion and morality were thought to have as little to do with each other as had botany and Christology. There is no reason why a botanist, simply because he is a botanist, should be a believer in Christ. There is no reason why an honest man, simply because of his honesty, should expect to gain heaven. Thus and so would have reasoned a "sound" believer half a century ago. Thus and so would reason any consistent believer in the church doctrine of vicarious atonement to-day. If, as the popular hymn has it: "Christ paid all the debt we owe" what is the use of the believer paying it over again?

A disciple of Jonathan Edwards would say that the whole question of the religious life hinged upon the will of God. He is omnipotent, and whatsoever he demands must be paid, whether it seem to us just and good or not. As a minister once phrased it in his public prayer: "O Lord, we know that Thou art Almighty and wilt have Thine own way, right or wrong." The author of the Book of Job believed that Jehovah, because of His might, would afflict the righteous without cause, and that there was nothing for an afflicted one to do but to bend before the awful will and bear it with an honest heart. But there are those in our day who make bold to assert their belief that even the Almighty is under bonds to do the best he can for the sentient beings that he has given life; that the possession of all power does not release one from obligation, but only makes him the more responsible for the right use of his will. The ground for our belief in the goodness of God is in the fact that we see him in all his laws and forces, doing his full share of the work in lifting the life of the world to higher ways and levels of being. We recognize his goodness in what he does for the good of man. It is because we see that his way, when we come to know it and walk in it is just and good, better than we could ourselves have dreamed or thought, that we are able to sing with Whittier:

> "To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
> I know that God is good."

It has come about at last that it is not permissible to make a hard and fast distinction between morality and salvation, between goodness and piety; for the piety that is not moral is worse than filthy rags, and the morality that is without those lofty inspirations of the religious spirit is a dead and formal thing, a mere negative virtue, cloistered and fugitive, that never sallies out and seeks its adversary, but slinks out of the race where the immortal garland is to be run for, albeit not without dust and heat. We have come to see that there is a close connection between religion and botany, religion and astronomy, religion and geology, and every other science. Theology is now more than ever seen to be the queen of the sciences; for whenever any special science is studied by a large mind, that mind is led through its discoveries up to the One Infinite Life, unfathomable but ever present, a part of whose ways the investigator counts it his happy fortune to disclose. He is, to the extent of his discoveries, a real revealer of God, a discloser of the methods whereby he rules the universe. If the undevout astronomer is mad, so is the undevout geologist, or the undevout physiologist, or the undevout explorer in any department of God's resplendent world. And ethics, the science of right, is surely no less a revealer of God's way of working, for you can not study any question touching the welfare and happiness of mankind in a large way without its taking you back to the heart of God, the Eternal, that loveth righteousness, working through the ages for the perfecting and upbuilding of man. It only requires that one whose habitual life is in the atmosphere of clear thought and whose mind is at home with deep things of religion, to see it and state it for us, to recognize the fact that "ethics thought out, is religious thought; ethics felt out, is religious feeling; ethics lived out, is religious life." To live as the law of the highest ethics requires is to live as a citizen of heaven, to abide the conditions of man's highest development and usefulness in the world, and this is not only moral salvation, but religious as well.

I am quite ready to subscribe to the statement of the morality-man, who confronted the preacher, "that if a man pay his honest debts that is all I ask of him;" only I should give a wider meaning to the term "debts" than probably he would allow. "If a man pay his honest debts?" Yes, *if*. I hazard nothing in saying that there is not a man or a woman in this presence this morning who can say, "I have paid all my honest debts." Nor is there one of us who is ever likely to be able to say that. When does one pay a debt? When he makes a full and satisfactory return for that which he has received. When my grocer or my tailor leaves something at my door which I desire and have engaged for, I am under obligation to him. When I give to him something which he accepts as a fair recompense for what he has done for me, I cancel my obligation; the debt is paid. Now, it may be true of some of us, all of us perhaps, that we have no debts of this kind, that we feel under obligation to no one for the house we live in, the food we eat, or the raiment we put on. We are satisfied that we have made a full and fair return for all that we have received in this way. But do shelter, bread and raiment constitute the whole of life? Is it not true, rather, as Jesus intimated more than 1800 years ago, that there is an infinite in man that can not be satisfied with the meat which perisheth? "Will all the finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one shoeblack happy? They can not accomplish it," said Carlyle, "above an hour or two; for the shoeblack also has a soul quite other than his stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, no less: *God's infinite universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a throat like that of Ophinchus, speak not of them; to the infinite shoeblack they are as nothing." Never were truer words spoken than those from the lips of the Teacher: "Man can not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

On being rebuked for lavishing so much on a single dinner to which a few friends were invited, a wealthy worldling exclaimed: "Well, I tell you all one can get in this world is what he can eat, drink and wear. That's my religion." Yet the very act of the man in inviting his friends to dine with him belied his creed. Why did he wish their presence at his table? For the reason which Whittier gives that the meal unshared is unblest. If he had been a consistent believer in his professed creed, he would have partaken of his choice viands all by himself. He would have shut himself up in his grand mansion, clothed himself in purple and fine linen and sat down at his sumptuous table, with never a face to smile on him, nor tongue to speak, nor an ear to hear. He could thus eat and drink, wear soft raiment and dwell in a house fit to be the palace of a king, get all he says this world has to give. But instead of this he surrounds his table with those in whose presence and conversation he finds that which ministers to the *infinite* that is in him. He has a nature that is not satisfied with what he can eat drink and wear, but demands the food of the immortals, demands companionship, demands appreciation, demands communion of thought and sentiment; and for this, which very likely he would admit was the best part of the feast, he is a debtor to his friends. Thus his act bears witness to a larger creed than his lips proclaimed. By so much as one is a man, by so much he transcends material wants, reaching out after that which means life and joy to the spirit that is in him.

We live, it is said, but by admiration, hope and love. Without these, life would be stale, flat and unprofitable. Some of us may feel that we are not surfeited with the first-named essential. Our debts are not so great but what we feel quite competent to pay them in full. It is possible that we think if they were greater we should pay them easier. Seekers after political preferment are very apt to be of this way of thinking. It is rare to find a man who feels that he is appreciated in full. I do not know that I ever heard a minister complaining that his people thought of him more highly than they ought to think. It is also not a thing incredible, that we all imagine we could bear a great deal more of love than we actually receive. Heart-hungers are verily the most imperative demands of our nature and the least amenable to reason. Love belongs to the infinite in us and will be satisfied with nothing less than the infinite universe of God. But however it may be with our desire for more, there can be little question but what we have all received a great deal more than we shall ever be able to pay for. It was love that caused us to be, that cradled us in our infancy, that watched over our childhood, guided and tended our youth, and that has furnished pretty much all there is of meaning, purpose and value in our life all the way along; and is there one having reached the state of manhood, as he looks back over his years and thinks of the days and nights of anxious watching and care, the years of toil and thought, sacrifice and devotion of loving parents, who believes that it is possible for him to make a full and fair return for that which he has received? Alas! in how many cases it proves true that when the time comes for making payment, when the parents are feeble and stooping with age, in need of that same thoughtful love and care which they gave to helpless infancy and childhood, it is not convenient for those who have received to pay. They do not see how they can be burdened with the care of the "old folks," and so they are turned over to those who serve for hire. "You have been a better mother to me than I was to you," said an aged one to her daughter. So would it be in every case if there was a just payment of the debt.

"Every bond of our life is a debt," said Savonarola, "and the right lies in the payment of that debt, and it can lie nowhere else." Paul counseled his disciples not to glory as if they had received nothing, for in reality they were under obligations for everything which they possessed. And I have no question of the genuineness of the apostle's inspiration when he penned that saying for the Corinthians to read. What is there that you or I possess that we can glory in as if we did not receive it? Have we physical health? Is that due to the wisdom with which we regulate our life unassisted by others? or in greater measure to the constitution we inherited, and the care and training given us in our opening years? We have mental life, the power of thinking, and the power of communicating our thoughts to others; whence came we by this possession? Is it something we have acquired, something we created by ourselves, so that we are indebted to no one for it? Here is one who has as we say "soured" on the world. He has become disgusted with its artificiality and shallowness, with human society generally. He can learn nothing from men; he will go out into the wilderness, and as Lowell expressed it, "commune with woodchucks." "Let me get away from man," said a poet-naturalist of Concord. "Give me the fields and woods. If this world were all men I could not stretch myself. Man, man is the devil; the source of all evil; what he touches he taints." But when this troubled spirit goes out into the woods, everything that he takes with him of real worth, his power to think, his power to feel, his power to see and admire the beautiful in nature, to read the various languages which it speaks, and commune with its marvelous life, his love of freedom, and

the moral ideal which makes him shun the ways and haunts of men—all that lifts him high in the scale of being, he owes to this same human society from which he turns away. It is all the outcome of the world-wide and age-long experience of that humanity of which the hermit is but a part; this recluse has the power of thought, a mysterious force that has somehow been developed within him, and he thinks thoughts that seem so wonderfully true and beautiful that he is moved to write them down. The pen with which he writes, where did he get it, and who taught him how to use it? Why does he write down his thoughts? Because he wants others to appreciate them as well as himself. Here he must go back to this humanity that he has deserted, to this "man the devil, who taints what he touches," to find what he most desires—appreciation and recompense for the dreamings of his solitude. To do this, he must put his thoughts into a book. Can he in his solitude make a book? Nay, he must avail himself of that very wonderful invention, the strangest, perhaps in the catalogue of human achievement, by which an inert substance can stand for the thoughts and sentiments of a living soul and can awaken answering thoughts and sentiments in the hearts and brains of those whose eyes behold it. It took the race from one to 200,000 years to learn the art of expressing thought and feeling with material symbols, and we receive the gift to-day as if it came, as Dogberry affirmed of reading and writing, by nature and we were beholden to no one for it. Take any one of us here this morning and divest him of what human society has given him, and what would he be? Only a beast in the jungle. The real man, living a man's life, rejoicing in the blessings which we most prize as civilized beings, is the heir of the ages, his existence made such by that which he has received, and if he sought to make adequate return for his heritage he would do it only by giving himself, all that he is and has, to the service of that humanity which has enriched his life with so liberal a hand.

It is the accumulated wealth of the ages that makes our life worth living to-day. In this country we boast of our political freedom. But how much of that freedom is due to the efforts of the present generation? How much of it should we have if there had never been a Washington, a Franklin, an Adams, a Paine, a Hancock, a Jefferson? These men with their noble compatriots labored, and we have entered into their labors.

So, too, of our spiritual freedom. We sit here this morning under our own vine and fig-tree, worshiping God after our own fashion with none to molest or make afraid. A hundred years ago no such company of "orthodox" believers would have been tolerated on New England soil. One of my parishioners in a former pastorate used to say to me sometimes: "If you had come here forty years ago when I came, and preached then as you preach now, you would not have been allowed to remain in this city over night. It is astonishing what changes have taken place in that time." I have no doubt he spoke the truth, but the liberty of pulpit utterance which I there enjoyed was not of my creating, only in humble measure. I was a debtor to the brave men who stood there before me, and to the great emancipation of religious thought here in New England; to Roger Williams, Channing, Parker and many another greater or lesser light. And not our spiritual freedom only, but our religious knowledge, our piety, be the measure small or great, are in a large part our legacy from those who came and went before us. Paul said he was a debtor for his faith and knowledge of divine things, both to the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise. The stream of religious life that fills our individual cups has come down from the infinite past, rising higher and flowing fuller and faster because of the tributary streams which each age and each land has turned into it. We can trace our spiritual ancestry back, not only to the Unitarian fathers, but to the Pilgrim fathers, to Luther and Savonarola, to Jesus and Paul, to Isaiah and Moses, to the sacred singers of the far East—back and back and down and down, through centuries and through races, to the dwellers in caves and mounds and hollow trees; to the humblest of God's children, who aspiring after a better life, and dreaming of a good time coming, sought to make real their dream, and in the effort contributed to the sum of the world's joy. We are debtors to them all, and through them to God whose spirit was their inspiration and whose life was the source of all. All the inventions, all the discoveries, all the scientific achievement, all the search for beauty, all political progress, all industrial attainment, all moral advance, all spiritual victory and peace, all that makes up the civilization of the age, has come to us from God through our fellow-men. If we think, we have attained something by means of our own hands and brains; the brains and hands are themselves gifts from God through this same medium. And receiving so much we may well cry out with the psalmist, "What, O Lord, shall we render unto Thee for all Thy benefits?"

"If a man pays his honest debts that is all I ask of him." Let him do this and he will do more than any man or woman has yet done.

We can not make full return for what we have received, but let not this fact keep us from making as large a payment as possible. The very humblest and least of men and women have added something to the heritage that is ours. We live to-day but by the contributed power of every great and every little soul that has lived and wrought since the world began. If we can not lift a mountain, that is no reason why we should not try to move the stones and obstacles on the highway which impede the progress of humanity's chariot. The measure of your opportunity and ability, that is the measure of your duty. There is not one of us so humble that he can not bear witness to the truth, both in word and deed; not one of us so destitute of moral or spiritual power that he can not contribute some sample of excellence to the sum of the world's goodness and gladness. The smallest star in the firmament adds something to the glory of the night sky. If we can not shine like the sun we can twinkle like a star. We may possibly attain unto the dignity of the moon, and mere moonshine is better than no shine at all. Do we desire to pay our religious debt? There is not one of us who can not on all proper occasions witness a good confession, show himself loyally true to the convictions of his soul, and be a medium through which the holy spirit of truth, faith and love can proceed to other minds and hearts, inspiring new life and joy. If there are any of us who have to make that very sad confession which I sometimes hear from Unitarian lips: "I do not know enough about my religion to explain it to those who do not understand it, still less defend it against the attacks of those who think it evil and wrong," then, to such, the first of your duties is that you set yourselves seriously to the task of study, reading and reflection, that you may be able to give a reason for the hope that is in you; become master of the ideas which now you "ignorantly worship." In these days of open churches, free libraries, newspapers and periodicals, spreading before the public the great thoughts of the best thinkers on religious themes, there can scarcely be an excuse for one being so far ignorant that he can not tell whether he believes in one God, or in three gods in one; in the *ascent* or in the "fall of man," in the Bible as literature or in the Bible as dogma; in the deity, or in the humanity of Jesus; in salvation by purchase or transfer, or in salvation by character, moral and spiritual health. Out of an empty pocket there can come little aid for suffering humanity; out of an empty mind there can come little wisdom for the enlightening of the world. First of all, fill your minds with religious knowledge that you may see more clearly the value, beauty and significance of the faith you cherish, and may have somewhat to answer them who would ask of thee.

If there is anything in our religion that we have found true, helpful, comforting and uplifting in our experience, *that* we can certainly speak for; we can pass the word on, that others may taste and see that the Lord is good. In the conventional prayer-meeting the young convert is told that the least he can do for his Master is to "stand up for Jesus." The least that we can do to show our appreciation of the great heritage that is ours, is to bear our testimony to the sweetness and saving power of that gospel of light, liberty and love, which it is our privilege to preach and practice. We are indebted to the past, in great measure, for the fullness of the present; to those who have gone we can not make payment, but for those who are still with us, and for those who shall come after us, we can do something. Poor, indeed, are we if we can not make life a little easier and freer and happier to such as come within the circle of our influence. What we can do, that is what we ought to do. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required, and to whom men have committed much, of him will they ask the more."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Religious Systems of the World. A contribution to the Study of Comparative Religion. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

This is the second edition, with several new articles of a collection of addresses delivered at South Place Institute, which is a function of the Finsbury society to which William J. Fox, M. D. Conway and Stanton Coit have been preachers in a succession remarkable for its breadth of view and variety of talent. The volume is in two parts: I—Pre-Christian and non-Christian, II—Christian, Theistic, and Philosophic. There are about thirty addresses in each part and they are of unequal value through a wide range of good, bad, indifferent: quite a number of the first; a few only of the second; a good many of the third. Several are by specialists; as "The Religion of China," by Professor Leffe; "Buddha and Buddhism," by Professor Rhys-Davids; "The Egyptian Religion," by Professor Tiele; "The Religion of Assyria," by Canon Rawlinson. Some topics have two or three treatments, including here and there an inside and an outside view. The inside view, in several cases, in either part, is too much of a *vox clamantis in deserto;* too advocative and auctioneerish. In the second part, a particularly admirable lecture is that by J. Allanson Picton on "Nonconformity," and another is Dr. Crosskey's on "The Unitarians." Frederic Harrison speaks for the "Religion of Humanity" and Elder Anderson for the "Mormons." The Elder's lecture is amusing for the way in which it slurs the matter of "patriarchal marriage" as if it were of no particular importance. It is disposed of in one little paragraph, as a logical inference from Jehovah's permission of polygamy to the patriarchs of the Old Testament, and rightly so on the old basis of belief in revelation. The dreariest lecture in the book is Mrs. Besant's on Theosophy, a system of Gnosticism so gross that any agnosticism of the time seems reverent and religious in comparison. It is a thing of shreds and patches;—shreds of truth which is the commonplace of modern science and philosophy, and patches of the most puerile superstition and the most absurd logomachy. Your theosophist is generally a person so ignorant of the spiritual contents of modern thought, and so hungry for the things which he has needlessly foregone, as to take up with anything that promises him meat and drink. He is generally a person who has gone the whole length of negation and then tumbled over into an abyss of bottomless credulity. A system of such intellectual pretentiousness is admirably calculated to nurse the sick and feeble vanity of the believers into lusty life. The pride of modern philosophy which Mrs. Besant rebukes is abject humility in comparison with her "endless generalogies." The most irritating circumstance is the pretense of scientific method where science there is none. But Mrs. Besant's exposition has a moral aspect which, if rabid in the intensity of its self-abnegation is most refreshing in comparison with Mr. Sinnett's haughty intellectual contempt for mere morality.

J. W. C.

Mademoiselle Ixe. By Lanoe Falconer. Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel & Co. Paper, 25 cts.

A story of a foreign woman, serving as governess in an English family, with no intimation that she is going to attempt the murder she does attempt, and which results in her being sent a prisoner to Siberia. The book is not weak in a literary way—is rather strong in spots—but is one of those sensational, useless stories of which there are far too many. If it is the author's first book, (it reads like a "first book") she has shown ability enough to lead one to say she should have done much better.

The Buckeye-Hawkeye School Master. Dedicated to the school-teachers of America by one of them. Chicago: W. W. Knowles & Co.

This is a little paper-covered book avowedly written to convey some of the principles of pedagogy in a "sugar-coated" form to teachers. To the well educated, cultivated teacher who has studied and practices her profession in a right way, the book will seem crude; to the more limited teacher, especially such as teach in the most ordinary country schools, the little story may be more practically suggestive than a more abstract, scientific work on pedagogy.

THE Cassell Publishing Company announce that by special arrangement with the author they will publish Alphonse Daudet's new and important novel, "Rose and Ninette: a Story of the Morals and Manners of the Day," on or about the first of February. M. Daudet regards the writing of this story as the supreme effort of his life. It deals with the subject of divorce, and as the author evidently feels deeply on the subject he treats it powerfully. The translation is made by Mrs. M. J. Serrano.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce among their earlier publications for the new year: Moncure Conway's "Life of Paine," with a history of his literary, political, and religious career in America, France, and England. The publication of this work has been postponed on account of a discovery by the author of some important new material, including an unpublished sketch of Paine by William Cobbett. The paper by Cobbett possesses some exceptional importance, because it expresses a complete change of opinion on the part of its writer, from the view held by him at the time of some of his earlier utterances concerning the career of Paine; while it was largely upon some of these earlier utterances that were based the conclusions arrived at concerning Paine by those who first wrote about him after his death. The work will be issued in two octavo volumes.

Notes from the Field.

New Bedford, Mass.—We have seldom read a sermon that pulses through and through with greater moral earnestness, or with a more passionate remonstrance against one of the most grievous of our social evils, than the discourse of Wm. I. Potter, given in the First Congregational, (Unitarian) church, New Bedford, October 26, 1891. The text of the sermon was found in a late murder trial in the county court house. Following close on the verdict of the jury, came this ringing appeal from the Unitarian pulpit to the conscience of the community. By a few swift strokes the preacher cut underneath all the legal forms and processes of the trial, and discovering drunkenness to be the underlying cause of the bloody work, he placed the responsibility for the whole sickening tragedy on the shoulders of the people who, by their votes, license the drinking-saloon and allow it to be fitted up and adorned with that attractiveness which is so seductive to the young, especially the uneducated and undeveloped who form so large a part of the population of our growing towns and cities. Mr. Potter declares high license in New Bedford to be a failure, and believes that the needed legal remedy will be in the line, not of license, but of prohibition. Not that he expects everything from legislation. "We must look for help to home-training, to the school, to the churches, to the slow but sure ameliorations which come from increasing general culture and refinement, to the counteracting influence of attractive institutions for wholesome recreation and refreshment, and to the pleading voice of moral suasion and of personal effort." . . . "But while we are applying our various moral and educational remedies for reducing the evil, I fail to see the logical or moral consistency, or the political common sense of a license law which legalizes along our streets, places that are breeders of cruelty and crime,—and places such as not one of us would expect to see on any road leading to heaven's gates."

Boston.—Rev. Wm. I. Lawrence writes from Japan, that nine instructors are attached to the Unitarian mission. On Sundays, services are held in four parts of Tokio, and on week days several other meetings. At the houses of Messrs. MacCauley and Lawrence, classes regularly meet. Many books and tracts are distributed. The new monthly magazine has changed its name to *Religion*. A divinity school has nine students. Mr. Lawrence asks for donations of good religious literature and money to "build a hall for Unitarian offices. He says suitable quarters can not be hired or bought in Tokio. We must build."

—Rev. W. R. Lord, of Neponset (suburb) addressed the Ministerial Association on "Christian Opportunity," January 25.

—Rev. S. R. Calthrop preached in the pulpit of Rev. Chas. G. Ames, on Sunday, January 24. Mr. Ames slowly gains the strength lost in his late illness.

—The A. U. A. directors, at the last monthly meeting, gave $1,200 to Chattanooga, $250 to Texas missionary, $250 to Florida, $100 to Highlands, N. C., $300 to Austin, Tex., $500 to Asheville, N. C., $600 to Atlanta, Ga., and $2,500 for the year to our Southern missionary Rev. G. L. Chaney.

—Books were given to free public libraries in Berlin, Mass., and Rahway, N. J.

—Rev. S. R. Calthrop lectured on the Hebrew prophets, in Channing Hall, in the Sunday-school Teachers' Course.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, recently gave a discourse in his pulpit on "The late Attempts in Minnesota to Turn Parochial Schools into Public Schools." After posting himself quite fully as to facts, by means of private correspondence with officials residing at the two points where this attempt has been made, namely, Faribault and Stillwater, Mr. Simmons proceeds to give a fair and candid summary of the case which lifts it quite out of the region of all sectarian bitterness or prejudice. The concessions are nearly all on the Catholic side. The Catholic religious exercises in the two schools have been abandoned, and their courses of study changed and substituted by those prescribed by Protestants, and the parochial schools have been brought entirely under the management of the Public School Boards. Mr. Simmons says of the movement: "Considering that it brings into our school system so large an element that had opposed and imperiled it, uniting Protestants and Catholics, even though imperfectly, in the same education for a common citizenship and a closer sympathy in one nation, it certainly is an improvement and ought to be encouraged."

Greeley, Colo.—Once more the Unitarian church at Greeley is under the charge of a resident pastor. For something like two years this struggling society has been obliged to be content with occasional services, of which the most regular were during the period when Dr. Henry Wilson, of Denver, supplied the pulpit every other Sunday. Last September, R. E. Blount, of Byron, Ill., took up this work among us, giving such genuine satisfaction by his earnest, faithful endeavor, that January 24th it was announced, by order of the trustees, that Mr. Blount had been invited to become pastor of our church for the remainder of the church year. In accepting this invitation, Mr. Blount also accepted the announcement, as all that needful to confer upon himself the privileges of a regularly ordained minister of the gospel. We did not hear a "Charge to the Pastor," or see the "Right Hand of Fellowship" given, but we did listen to a short, earnest appeal to the people that if lived up to would make it possible for our little church to become a power in the land. In the short time Mr. Blount has been with us he has inaugurated a series of Sunday evening meetings—literary, musical and lectures—that are well attended and very successful in every way.

Sturgis, Mich.—A friend from this point writes: "Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and the uncalled-for opposition encountered, the Unitarian services, conducted by Rev. Geo. Buckley at the Free Church here are still well attended, ever increasing audiences greet him every Sunday. We received a consignment of tracts from Boston a few weeks ago (an excellent assortment) and I have adopted the method of distributing them myself, passing around the pews and handing them to the people while the collection is being taken up, giving out a different tract every Sunday. This plan seems to work well. We also had a table placed immediately inside the door, with a good supply of printed matter, tracts, magazines, papers, etc., free for all who wish to take them home to read or give away. Mr. Buckley has organized a Sunday school, and the following officers were unanimously elected. Mrs. C. B. Peck, superintendent; Thos. Harding, librarian; Professor Gregory (superintendent of Sturgis public schools) leader of Bible class. The next thing in order is to procure books for our intended library, that our new librarian may find something to do, for at present he presides over empty shelves, but even this difficulty we hope to overcome through our "stick-to-ative-ness."

Decorah, Iowa.—Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Des Moines, Iowa, spent Sunday, January 17, at Decorah. He preached in the morning and in the evening, by request of the congregation, ordained to the ministry Florence Lonsbury Pierce, wife of the minister, Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, whose ordination by Mr. Hunting was reported in these columns some months ago. Mrs. Pierce was born in Allegan, Michigan, and graduated from the Allegan schools, in which she afterwards taught for three years. She spent one year at Ann Arbor, pursuing literary and philosophical studies, and then entered Hillsdale, Mich., College, where she graduated with the degree of Ph. B. Since then she has prosecuted ethical and theological lines of study. On the occasion of her ordination she made an address which gave great pleasure to all who heard it. The Decorah church celebrated the first anniversary of their dedication day on Monday evening, January 18, with supper, toasts, etc. The occasion was a happy one in the history of the society.

Davenport, Iowa.—Our friends here have undertaken a parish publication, giving it the name of *Religion, Old and New*, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, editor, Mrs. C. T. Lindley, associate editor. It aims to cover no wider field than that of the parochial newspaper, and imparts this generous advice to its subscribers: "*Religion, Old and New* is designed primarily to fulfill the function of a parochial newspaper. It in no way aims to intrude upon the field occupied by *The Christian Register*, UNITY, or *Unitarian*. These journals deal with the whole field of denominational activity and religious thought. They are, therefore, indispensable to a person who desires to keep closely in touch with Unitarianism. By all means, therefore, if a subscriber to either of them, renew your subscription, and if possible induce others to subscribe. Refrain from subscribing from *Old and New* if necessary, in order to fulfill this more important duty.

Walpole, Mass.—Rev. Geo. H. Clare, of Walpole, called at Headquarters last week, en route to Bloomington, Ill., where he preached January 31, and will remain over February 7th.

Sherburne, Mass.—Rev. F. P. S. Lamb, of Sherburne, spent several days in Chicago last week. Mr. Lamb supplied for Miss Bartlett at Kalamazoo, Mich., on Sunday, January 31.

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Fri.—Devotion is holy regulation, guiding hand and heart.

Sat.—That Christianity makes high demands upon our affections must be admitted.

—*James Martineau.*

Letty's Globe.

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped
And laughed, and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry:
"Oh, yes! I see it—Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

—*Charles Tennyson Turner.*

Ralph's Marble-Race.

One pleasant afternoon, baby Ruth and I called at Mrs. Norton's and we enjoyed ourselves very much. We always have a good time when we go there, for Mrs. Norton is a special friend of ours, baby Douglas is so sweet and cute, and his brother Ralph such a bright, interesting little fellow.

On the afternoon of this call, however, only baby Douglas and his mamma were there, but there was something especially nice for little Ruth to play with,—a marble-race that Ralph's grandpa had made for him.

I wonder if you have ever seen a marble-race, or would know anything what it was like if I tried to tell you. It looks something like a small gate, and is made so that when the marbles are put in at the top they run back and forth, in grooves on the upper side of the cross-pieces until they come out at the bottom and fall into a place made on purpose to catch them. It is great fun to watch them run, for they go so fast they really seem to be running.

When Mrs. Norton saw how much Ruth enjoyed it she said we might take it home for awhile; when we brought it back it would be new to her little boys, and they would enjoy it all the better.

Before we got ready to go home Ralph came in, and as the marble-race was his, his mother told him that she wanted to let Ruth take it. All at once his marble-race looked nicer to him than ever before, and he did not want to lend it. His mamma talked to him a few minutes, and said she hoped her little boy was not going to be selfish, and told him she wished he would think about it and see if he could not change his mind; then she sat talking to me for a little while, giving him time for a little think.

He was a pretty child, with his hair in long curls, and with such bright eyes and rosy lips, but he did not look very pretty then.

Did you know that selfishness is a bad thing for the looks? Well, it is; and while it lasts not even a fair skin, golden curls, and large blue eyes,—no, nor red cheeks, glossy black hair and the blackest of black eyes,—are enough to make a child, or for that matter, a grown person either, nice to look at.

All at once I noticed little Ralph's good looks coming back. He smiled such a bright, sweet smile up at his mother, and then turned towards Ruth and said: "I'll let her take my marble-race and keep it as long as she wants to."

So we brought it home; and Ruth enjoyed it so much that after awhile I got a man to make her one of her own; and now she lends hers sometimes to children who see it and like it very much, as she did Ralph's; or to those who have n't very many playthings of their own, or who have been sick and need something new to amuse them.

Whenever she feels selfish and does n't want to lend it when it would surely be better for her to do so, I take her in my lap and tell her this same little story I am telling you, and when I get through she is always ready to lend it. So you see Ralph's unselfish act did more good than just amusing little Ruth with his marble-race for a few weeks.—*Gazelle Stevens Sharpe, in "Scattered Seeds."*

Maternal Wisdom.

English Sparrow (of last summer's hatch)—"What is this narrow, cooped-up place, mother?"

Old Bird—"This is the inside of a church steeple, my child."

"Then this is the building where the people come to worship. Surely we are safe here!"

"Yes. We are just about fifty feet higher than the dear, good, sweet little boys can throw, my child."

"ARE you the minister?" The person addressed turned up his nose and, casting a contemptuous glance upon his interlocutor, replied: "No, I'm the leader of the choir."—*New York Press.*

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LESSON XIX.

(a) Land and People. Earliest Worship.

1. Land, climate and people.
2. The earliest institutions and rites of religion. Effect of birth and death upon human feelings.
3. How the thought of soul or spirit is reached.
4. The family; and the development of domestic worship. Tombs and hearth-fires.
5. Growth of this worship: from related families to organized phratries, then tribes and cities.
6. The Greek *prytaneum*, with its altar to Hestia, at Athens and elsewhere.

NOTES.

Taine's *Art in Greece* contains pleasing descriptions of this country. It is about half as large as New England, or the state of Missouri.

Greece is called "a land of sea-coasts." On the side toward Asia, "islands occur like the stones of a ford." The people have been described as the English of antiquity.

Respect and honor paid to the dead appears to be the first rite of religion. Until men bury their dead we should be in doubt of their possession of the power of abstract thought and of their capacity for civilization.

Marriage to the early Greek woman meant a change of religion. She left the hearth-fire of her father, with all its memories and rites, for that of her husband. The tomb was near the dwelling. The husband or father was priest of the home. The land, or homestead, was never to be sold. Burial made ownership in land sacred forever; or until the family hearth-fire went out, which meant the extinction of the family.

Ancestor and hero-worship have been an element in all religions: and the spirits of the dead have been regarded as the source of most potent influences upon the living.

"The great of old!
The dead but sceptered soverans who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

"If any paganism is ever to regain a footing in the midst of us, it will be that of *Greece.*"—*St. Giles' Lectures.*

Patriotism a part of religion. Land lost, all lost.

Publisher's Notes.

We have for sale just nine copies of a special edition of "The Faith that Makes Faithful," in padded morocco covers, with marriage certificate blank inserted before the title page, designed as a present from a minister to a bride and bridegroom. We do not expect to bind more in this style, for the reason that the binding is too expensive to leave a reasonable profit on the publication. We offer the copies on hand for just about cost to us, $2.75 each, including postage.

UNITY is constantly obliged to refuse applications for exchange, for the reason that the limited space and special character of this paper makes it impossible for its editors to use more than a very few exchanges. We shall be glad to send UNITY for a year, however, to any editor who will agree to give a few insertions to our advertisement in the last column of this page. We will mail a plate of the advertisement on application. Readers of UNITY are requested to bring this offer to the notice of local editors.

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